THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 17.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1809.* [VOL. I.

AGNES FELTON.

Oh! come, my Fair-one; I have thatch'd above
And whiten'd all around my little cot,
I've ſhorn the hedges leading to the grove,
Nor is the ſeat and willow bower forgot.

Downman.

DURING the latter end of the ſummer of —— I made an excurſion to the lakes of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland, and fond of the wild and daring features of nature, I here met all that could gratify the eye of the painter, or the imagination of the poet. Many too were the ſcenes whoſe exquiſite beauty and ſoftneſs, whoſe charm of contraſt and calm ſweetneſs of expreſſion, ſuggeſted the delightful,, but too often viſionary, ideas of rural happineſs and elegant ſimplicity.

Whilſt thus employed, my mind teeming with each romantic thought which the country around me, a peculiar caſt of ſtudy, which youth and inexperience had planted there, an incident occurred, that even now, when time hath almoſt paled the vivid colouring of fancy, I recollect not but with renovated enthuſiaſm.

The red rays of the ſun gleamed ſtrong on the heights of Helvellyn, as I paſſed by its foot, on my road to Ambleſide, and evening, with all her lovely tints, had ſtolen upon me by the time I had reached the chapel of Wiborn. Oppreſſed by the heat of the day, the coolneſs of the preſent hour became remarkably refreſhing, and, riding gently on, I arrived at the margin of Graſmere water. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this charming lake, diffuſed amid the boſom of the mountains; its banks exhibit the utmoſt variety of rock and turf, and are ſcooped into a number of little bays; while on a promontory which ruſhes far into the water, and at an inconſiderable height above the ſurface, ſtands the village of Graſmere, its pariſh church riſing conſpicuous in the centre. A large quantity of fine old wood clothes the ſides of the mountain, and here and there a cottage is diſcovered emboſomed in the foliage. The verdure of the meadows, the grouping of the cattle, and the hanging ſhrubs which climb along the rugged projections of the crag, ſtill further heighten this delicious paradiſe. I walked for ſome time along the borders of the lake, wrapt in the contemplation of beauties to which even the pencil of Ruiſdale could not do juſtice. The ſombre ſhades of evening were now faſt approaching, the ſetting ſun ſmiled with a farewell luſtre on the ſummits of the hills, and the water, ſtill as death, received a deep gloom from the lengthning ſhadows of the mountains; I ſat myſelf down upon the roots of an old tree near the edge of the lake, and was liſtening to the diſtant murmur of ſome waterfalls, when ſuddenly the ſound of village bells directed my attention;—no, never ſhall I forget their ſweet and dying cadence, how ſoftly they ſtole along the lake, now burſting loud and louder on the ear, and now faintly ſinking to repoſe: they were in uniſon with the ſcene around, and with my feelings;—no, never ſhall I forget them.

——Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the ſcene recurs,
And with it all its pleaſures.—— *Cowper.*

The night cloſed in ere I could tear myſelf away from this bewitching ſcenery, and my deſire of once more enjoying it was ſo great, that I determined to ſleep within the village, and poſtpone for a day any farther progreſs towards Ambleſide. The ſucceeding morning was exceſſively hot, but, as the evening began to approach, Nature again aſſumed her mellow colouring, and again the ſame delightful coolneſs regaled my languid ſenſes. I traverſed the edge of the water, and, having dwelt upon the ſcenes I had viewed with ſo much pleaſure the night before, I entered the wood, which, climbing half way up the the mountain's ſide, faces the village. The path ran in an oblique direction, gently winding up the hill; it was ſoft as moſs, and of a vivid green, and through many little openings in the wood, the crags, the village, and the lake, were ſeen to great advantage. I had not proceeded far, before a neat cottage, built on a little level, on the ſide of the hill, attracted my notice. There was an air of taſte and ſimplicity in every thing around it, which highly excited my curioſity in regard to the inhabitants, of whom, from the ſcene before me, I conceived ſomething extraordinary. It was placed in that ſituation, which, of all others, is the moſt picturеſque, that is, its point of elevation was not too great for the landſcape. From the bottom of a ſmall lawn which ſpread before it, the wood gradually fell to the margin of the water, and a number of gigantic oaks covered the hill behind it nearly to the ſummit; a broken line of moſs-hung crag, however, ſtill peeping beyond. Againſt the front of this cottage grew an old woodbine, whoſe branches, mingling with each other, crept round four neat ſaſhed windows that glowed as fire from the reflection of the ſun. While I ſtood ſilently admiring the beauty of the ſcene, the door of the cottage was opened, and a young woman, clothed with elegant but artleſs taſte, ſtepped out upon the green; on her arm there leant a man of a very intereſting figure, and rather ſtriken in years, and who, after looking around him with an air of ſatisfaction, ſmiled with ineffable ſweetneſs on his fair companion.

The landſcape, however diverſified, however pictureſque, is, unleſs animated by human figures, far from complete. The mind is ſoon ſatisfied with the view of rock, of wood and water: but if the peaſant, the ſhepherd, or the fiſherman be ſeen; or if, ſtill more engaging, a group of figures be thrown into ſome important action; the heart as well as the imagination is affected, and a new ſenſation of exquiſite delight, and ſcarce admitting of ſatiety, fills and dilates the boſom. Thus was I ſituated; and thus, having gratified my fancy with the ſcenery around, was about to return to the village: but no ſooner did the two figures, I have juſt mentioned, appear before me, than my beſt and ſweeteſt feelings were inſtantly occupied; the country aſſumed a more enchanting hue, the ſun ſhed a mellower and more delicious tint and every object ſeemed heightened with a pathetic grace; and ſurely no incident could, better than the preſent one, have produced the effect; for an intelligence the moſt expreſſive ſate on the features of the young woman; an intelligence ſo divine, ſo mild, ſo graceful, that Guido Rheni might have ſtudied it with rapture. She had on a gown of white cotton, and round her waiſt there was a green ſaſh; her hair, of a dark brown, hung down upon her ſhoulders, and from her left arm depended a ſmall baſket. The perſon who leaned upon her right was dreſſed in a ſcarlet coat, which ſeemed to have been formerly an uniform; his countenance was ſtrongly marked, martial, but at the ſame time mingled with much benignity; his forehead was bold and open, his eye full and dark, his eye-brows black and thick, his noſe aquiline and his chin rather prominent; he had a ſtaff in his right hand, and although apparently poſſeſſing ſome vigour, and in health, he walked with difficulty, being as I perceived, lame of one leg.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON REJOICING AT BLOODY VICTORIES.

The war in Europe has laſted, with ſhort intermiſſions, now about ſeventeen years; and more blood has been ſpilt in this period than had been ſhed for ſeveral centuries paſt in the ſame ſpace of time. We in this country have been all but ſpectators of the atrocities of the French revolution, of the maſſacres at Paris, at Verſailles, and St. Domingo, and of the immenſe ſlaughters, from time to time, on the fields of battle; for although we have not been actually eye-witneſſes of thoſe horrible ſcenes, we have read the accounts of them over and over again in our News-papers and other publications. We burn with deſire to know the news from abroad, as well as at home, and when we hear of a great battle being fought, can hardly reſt till we know the particulars. If the battle happens to terminate to our liking we rejoice and exult, notwithſtanding the vaſt numbers ſlain and wounded; nay, by how

much greater is the number ſlain, provided that they belong to the adverſe party, by ſo much greater is the joy at the victory.

It has not been uncommon to hear between neighbours a dialogue of the following nature,—"Glorious news! have you heard it?"—"What news?"—"Why the army of——has been beaten with the loſs of twenty five thouſand men left dead on the field of battle."—"Twenty five thouſand men killed! That's good; but how many loſt the conquerors."—"Only five thouſand."—"Would that this news may prove true!"

Here let us pauſe and view this affair with the eye of a moraliſt, or rather with the feelings of a chriſtian. Thirty thouſand fellow beings ſlain in one battle!—When the ſun roſe upon them in the morning they were well in health and briſk in ſpirits; before the ſun had ſet their mangled ghaſtly corpſes were heaped together over the ground.—Thirty thouſand immortal accountable beings all called together in an inſtant before the dread tribunal! How ſudden the ſummons! how ſolemn the trial! how few of them prepared to meet it!—The moſt of thoſe poor fellows were dragged into the ſervice as an ox is drawn into the ſlaughter houſe; ſo that we cannot reaſonably blame them, although the cauſe for which they fought were never ſo wrong.

Let us extend our view to the ſcenes of domeſtic grief occaſioned by this battle.—It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that thoſe men, on an average, left as many as four near relations each, ſo mourn their deaths.—We have ſometimes witneſſed the overwhelming grief of a ſingle family at the loſs of one of its members that has died abroad of ſickneſs, or been ſwallowed up in the ocean; and have felt a degree of ſympathy on ſuch occaſions. But here behold a hundred and twenty thouſand mourners, lamenting at one and the ſame time, the fall of huſbands, fathers, brothers and friends.

We will now come back to the field of battle.—Over and above the conſideration of the ſlain we muſt bring into the account of the wounded alſo, which in numbers uſually exceed the former. See the bloody field! There lie thouſands and thouſands of dead; and there alſo lie thouſands of mangled wretches, ſuffering the moſt excruciating pains, pouring out their groans, and calling upon God and man for mercy.

I well know that in the awful convulſions which now ſhake the world, our feelings cannot be neutral with reſpect to the iſſue of the conteſt between the warring nations. We are conſtrained to rejoice, and may innocently rejoice, when that ſide prevails which juſtly appears to us to be in the right—But the queſtion is, whether, even although victory declare for that party which we believe to be ſupporting the better cauſe, we are not bound nevertheleſs by the laws of humanity, not to ſay chriſtianity, to commiſerate deeply the wretched maſs of ſufferers; alſo whether here is no need of ſpecial care, leſt in contemplating *the battles of warriors and garments rolled in blood*, ſo frequently as we do, and ſo unfeelingly as is often done we loſe the ſympathies of our nature, and particularly that horror at individual bloodſhed and murder which ſeems to be natural to the human mind.

PATRIOTIC HEROINE.

At the ſiege of Saragoſſa, an Act of heroiſm was performed by a female to which hiſtory ſcarcely affords a parallel. *Auguſtina Zaragoza*, about 22 years of age, a handſome woman of the lower claſs of people, whilſt performing her duty of carrying refreſhments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo, at the very moment when the French fire had abſolutely deſtroyed every perſon ſtationed in it. The citizens and ſoldiers for the moment heſitated to reman the guns Auguſtino ruſhed forward over the wounded and ſlain, ſnatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man and fired off a twenty-ſix pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a ſolemn vow never to quit it alive during the ſiege; and having ſtimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity to freſh exertions, they inſtantly ruſhed into the battery and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy.—When the writer of this narrative ſaw the heroine at Saragoſſa, ſhe had a ſhield of honour embroidered on the ſleve of her gown, with "Saragoſſa," inſcribed upon it, and was receiving a penſion from the government, and the daily pay of an artillery-man.

Blanks of every description Sold at this Office.

Criticism.

FOR THE VISITOR.

A DIALOGUE.

O Imitatores, Servum pecus! HORACE.

Hic labor, hoc opus eſt.... To begin is the difficulty.—Give me but the exordium, the firſt ſtanza, the firſt line, the firſt word, and I will perform wonders!

——And, pray, is not your memory ſtored with poetical treaſures? Methinks, you have often ſtunned my ears with numberleſs ſcraps from ancient and modern bards.

——True! I have read almoſt every thing.—Very little has eſcaped my eager curioſity, or eluded my retentive powers. I have been by turns a votary to the epic, the tragic, the comic, the lyric, the anacreontic, and the ſatyric muſe. Yet, ſtrange to tell! I always wanted the firſt impulſe. I ſomwhat reſemble a *repeater*. The machinery muſt be *ſet a going*—Elſe, ſir, I am dumb, as dumb as a fiſh.

——Wonderful, indeed! moſt wonderful! My ideas of a poet were, I find, quite erroneous. Poetical genius I ever conſidered as the ſublimeſt offspring of Nature. I have often compared it to the torrent, whoſe impetuoſity cannot be ſtemmed—to the flame whoſe rapidity cannot be reſiſted.—*Enthuſiaſm*, *Inſpiration*, appeared to me words too feeble to convey an adequate idea of the poet's ſublime, and, I may ſay, ſupernatural faculties.

——Sir, you are right,—but you ſeem to forget the diſtinction between the *poet* and the *verſifyer*. I will confeſs to you with honeſt candour that I aſpire to no more than the fame of the latter.

——Your ingenuous confeſſion is not without its peculiar merit. Well! well! Since you mean ſolely to *verſify*, I will take the liberty ſuggeſt to you the little intereſting poem to be found in *Ballads and Lyrical pieces*, by Walter Scott, Eſqr. (page 178,) It begins thus

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,"

But you had better peruſe the whole.

——Let me ſee—Oh! Juſt ſo! it will do perfectly well. (*emphatically.*)

"I climbed the high hills of the dark Appamatox,"
&c, &c.

By G—d! ſir, it will do!---That it will!

And thus originated "Burk's garden grave."

Vide, Port folio, vol. ii. July, 1809, No. 1. and Ballads and Lyrical pieces, by Walter Scott, page 178.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

[We are much gratified in being able to preſent to our readers the following eloquent pages; which we are enabled to do by the kindneſs of a friend who lent us the original pamphlet in French, which he had juſt received from Paris. The obſervations of a Foreigner on our publications have always a certain degree of intereſt, which is greatly increaſed in the preſent inſtance by the diſtinguiſhed character of the writer, and becauſe the work on which he remarks is an object of public attention at the moment. The feelings of a partizan will be frequently remarked, and we think the boldneſs with which he occaſionally writes will excite ſurpriſe. He is moſt known to the world by his very eloquent report to the Convention, which was the firſt effort to ſtop the Vandaliſm of the Revolution. We have ſeen in ſome of our newſpapers an anonymous criticiſm on the ſame poem, extracted from the Engliſh Monthly Magazine; but this is leſs intereſting, ſince ſo many unworthy tricks have been practiced on that Miſcellany, by writing articles in this country on American works ſending them to be publiſhed there, and then quoting them here as the opinion of Engliſhmen]—

Ed. Anth.

Critical Observations on the Poem of Mr Joel Barlow, the Columbiad in 4to, Philadelphia, 1807; by M. Gregorie, formerly Bishop of Blois, Senator, Member of the National Institute, &c.

Paris, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have received with gratitude, and read with interest, your magnificent work, *the Columbiad*. This monument of genius and typography will immortalize the author and give fame to the American press; this alone would be sufficient to destroy the assertion of Pauw, and other writers, that there is a want of talents in America, if your country did not already offer a list of great men, who will go down with *eclat* to posterity.

When a book is published, it enters the domains of criticism; you yourself solicit it in the letter which accompanies your present; you solicit it with the frankness which is natural to you. Thus I exercise a right as well as perform a duty, not in addressing literary observations to you, but in repelling an insult to christianity, an insult on which I should be silent, if Barlow was a common writer or his poem an inferior work, because the book and its author would sink together into the stream of oblivion.

Amicus usque ad aras, say an antient—It is at the foot of the altar that I blame certain lines in your book, and an engraving which has the following inscription, *Final destruction of Prejudices*. Prejudices! —Perhaps no one desires their destruction more than myself. But what do you call by this equivocal name? and what do I perceive in the midst of the heaps in this picture, which serve for emblems? The attributes of the catholick ministry, and, above all, the standard of christianity, the cross of Jesus Christ! Are these what you call *prejudices*? If even the principles and the history of eighteen centuries did not give you formally the lie, it would be easy to show that this picture is an attack against all christian societies, that it is an act of intolerance, of persecution, which offends God and man.

The unlimited freedom of religion in the United States confers on no sect a character of domination, nor any of those exclusive priviliges, that are possessed in different countries of Europe by the churches of the Catholicks, Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, &c. Let us leave to the partizans of the English church the endless dispute on the prerogatives of the *established church*, on the utility of those *civil establishments* which, already shaken, will crumble perhaps, on all sides, at no very distant epoch. Though I am by conviction, by sentiment a catholick, and honoured with the episcopal character, after deliberate examination, I think that if we owe to the state a gurantee of obedience when it requires it, that nevertheless these *civil* establishments, which may be in favour of error as well as of truth, are often unjust, impolitick, dangerous in more than one respect, though Providence may draw good from them, as it does from many other evils which it tolerates.

Let every thing relating to conscience as well as every thing that belongs to social organization, be freely discussed; truth demands examination, which despotism only can fear; this alone finds it necessary to invoke ignorance, to surround itself with darkness, to repel the light which breaks out from the researches that are directed by good faith and sagacity.

But what will be the result, if, instead of reasoning with calmness and respect on religion, the most important object for man in the course of his fugitive existence, calumny should point its sarcasms, and spread its black colours over historical facts which it misrepresents; if instead of speaking to the understanding to enlighten it, we address ourselves to the passions to seduce it? This has been the conduct which our infidel Frenchmen have followed, plumng themselves with the title of philosophers. It is important to recollect, and to recollect often, that of those who have combatted christianity, the greater part have vomited the most infamous things against decency, and morality; Lamettre, Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, Mirebeau, of the constituent assembly, P——, &c.—Others have said before me, that incredulity almost always has its source in the heart, and that the antagonists of a religion, whose morality is so pure, are advocates who defend their own cause.

Almost all of them have attacked christianity by reproaching it with the abuses it has experienced, as if the abuses were the thing itself; as if, after having directed the wind on the straw, we must still blow away the grain; as if wine and iron ought to be proscribed, because they are debauchees and assassins.

In the stormy course of our revolution, the infidels held, during some years, the sceptre of power; you were a witness of the use they made of it. In an instant, these champions so toleration and humanity were seen to display all the ferocity of Diocletian; to shut up, profane, and destroy our temples; to pursue the religious man even in the asylum of his thoughts; to incarcerate and transport bishops and priests. A greater number of catholick pastors were dragged to the scaffold; during eighteen months I feared and expected the same fate; it is well known with what outrages I was loaded, in the midst of the national convention, for having braved the infuriated howlings of impiety; the greatest favour that was accorded us, was only to mark us out as, *superstitious*, as *fanatics*; these were the epithets in fashion. For several years we were constantly under the axe of executioners, calling themselves *philosophers*. Do you hasten to tell me they usurped this title; we are agreed.—God preserve me from attributing to philosophy the crimes of brigands, who dressed themselves in her liveries. In the face even of the Altar, I have justified her from crimes she abhors; but will our infidels ever exercise good faith?—Will they ever cease to reproach christianity with the abuses which she laments?

What further did they do? they travested august liberty as a bacchante; they exclaimed that no one could be at once a christian and a republican, at one a republican and a *moderate*; though thousands of examples among us, as well as among you, attested the contrary; tho' a holy and natural alliance establishes itself between those characters. Some pious but unenlightened men, were frightened by these clamours; believing themselves placed between liberty and religion: could they balance in their choice? It may be seen how our reformers, wishing to associate the republic with every thing that could destroy it, themselves precipitated the vessel of liberty into the abyss, at the moment it was reaching the port.

What would they have substituted for christianity? A *goddess* and a *temple of reason*, man for God himself. They afterwards made *temples the Supreme Being*; temples in which the ophilantrophy erected her booths, till the period when the worship of the deists found its chapels deserted in France, as that of David Williams was in London.

At this period foreign nations waved among us the banners of discord; they were powerfully aided by all the enemies of the revolution, of whom a part having fled their country when it was in danger, to stir up against it the potentates of Europe, corresponded with those who remained in their homes, to kindle discord and anarchy. By a refinement of perversity, they conceived the plan of destroying the most salutary reforms, by out stretching the object, and forcing every measure; of rendering odious or ridiculous the soundest notions by exagerating them; in fine, of revolting the people, by alarming their consciences.

Who could believe it, if accumulated facts did not attest it, that two classes of men the most opposite were seen at this period acting in concert to commit the same crimes, and to destroy religion?—Pretended philosophers from hatred against it; pretended Christians from hatred to every priest, who had submitted to the law requiring an oath they would rather have seen our altars overturned, our sanctuaries profaned and covered with filth and sacrilege, than to behold their brethren in the same sacerdotal habits, but, faithful to their God and their country, offer the same sacrifice, and preach the same gospel.

These distressing recollections will be engraved by history, they will be engraved by history, they will resound in future ages; and when reason shall surmount extinguished passions, impartial posterity will decide on which side were truth, charity and justice.

Does not your engraving appear to retrace, not as regards the manner, but the results, what our persecutors have executed? the illusory theories of impiety are falsified by the most decisive experience; which attests that morality is wavering, and without support, if it does not receive it from the hands of religion; that religion is without consistence, if it is not *positive*, that is to say, founded on facts and on relation. I converied on this subject with your countryman, Thomas Paine. Write, said I to him, on political rights, but not on religious matters; your '*Age of Reason*' has discovered your incapacity; you will never be able to oppose any thing solid to the excellent refutation of your system by a crowd of writers, above all by the learned bishop of Landaff.

Some of our *persecutors*, who styled themselves philosophers, are already thrown into the sewers of history; the rest will be in their turn. The greatest part of those who have survived, vent themselves in maledictions over the tomb of Robespierre, that it may be forgotten they

were his accomplices, his guards, and his banditti. They would be ſo again if he and his power were reſuſcitated.—Formerly under groteſque names and cynical dreſs, they diſhonoured the cauſe of liberty; vile Proteuſes, they have changed their language ſtill more than their dreſs. Formerly they blaſphemed againſt chriſtianity; bigots now and at no time pious, limited to certain forms certain trifling cuſtoms, neglecting in religion every thing that reſtrains them, perverting its auguſt truths as their intereſt may dictate, from the motives which St. Auguſtine has developed in ſo ſtriking a manner in his *City of God*,† they call themſelves Chriſtians through policy, becauſe, according to the expreſſion of a modern orator, *religion is neceſſary for the people*; and as the ſecret of their heart always betrays itſelf more by their conduct than their diſcourſe, the ſacred inſtrument they would pervert is broken in their hands; for among that race always frivolous and without character, that is called Frenchmen, there is not one even to the ſervant girl, who in robbing her maſter, does not repeat that *religionis neceſſary for the people*, on condition that ſhe may be diſpenſed from having it herſelf.

Religion, neceſſary to every individual, is ſtill more ſo to thoſe magiſtrates who are the regulators of ſtates. Fatal experience of the misfortunes occaſioned by an abandonment of chriſtianity has not yet opened our eyes. We have recourſe to a palliative to cure the wounds which have been made by irreligion, and its offspring immorality; they have looſened the bonds of ſociety to ſuch a degree, that they menace it with a decompoſition, which will be common to many neighbouring nations. If ever decrepid Europe makes a ſtep towards moral order, it will be leſs from love of that than from laſſitude of crime; but it will be under the eſcort of chriſtianity, and in conſequence of inevitable cataſtrophes. In ſpite of the cloud, that cover the future, this epoch may be perceived, though we are unable to predict it in a preciſe manner, though unable to calculate its term, or its diſaſters.

† B. 4. C 32.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

SAMPSON'S MEMOIRS.

A ſecond edition of this intereſting work of an illuſtrious exile, which has obtained a high degree of celebrity in Europe and America, is, we underſtand, now ready for the preſs, with conſiderable improvements. The firſt impreſſion has been ſome time diſpoſed of. A liberal bookſeller, (to whom the copy right, we believe, would be ſold,) would find his advantage in giving to the world another edition in a ſtyle of typography worthy of the work of its author.

The editors of LA BIBLIOTHEQUE AMERICAINE, a Literary Magazine publiſhed at Paris by a ſociety of men of letters, and devoted wholly to American affairs, thus notices the Memoirs of Mr Sampſon:—

"They are written in a familiar and agreeable ſtile, and contain a variety of amuſing and uſeful remarks. The author is one of the great number of Iriſh patriots who have been perſecuted, impriſoned and exiled for their political operations and conduct. The work is full of curious anecdotes, written with gaiety." After giving Mr Sampſon's letter to Lord Hawkſbury as a ſpecimen of the ſatyrical ſpirit and the pleaſantry which prevail in theſe memoirs, the editors add:

"The recital of his exile from his native country, and of his impriſonment in Portugal, is told in an intereſting manner. As the work will be probably be tranſlated into French, we ſhall ſay nothing more of its contents. It has acquired ſuch a popularity that the firſt edition has been rapidly diſpoſed of. Mr. Sampſon is a lawyer, of ſuperior talents; he poſſeſſes diſtinguiſhed qualities, great ſociability, and great goodneſs of heart. With Mr. Emmet, he has obtained the privilege of pleading at the American bar, unembarraſſed by the uſual forms, and without waiting the time which the law preſcribes. He compoſed and publiſhed ſeveral patriotic pieces, amongſt others THE LION OF OLD ENGLAND. Jointly with Mr. Curran, he employed his eloquence in defence of thoſe individuals who were oppoſed to the ſevere meaſures of the prevailing party; he raiſed his voice againſt the horrible perſecution and the illegal violences committed by arbitrary power and an infuriated ſoldiery; the advocate of catholic emancipation, he has always been the enemy of intolerance; in ſhort, he obtained baniſhment and ſeveral years of perſecution for maintaining the independence of Ireland."

Scientific Lectures.

ON MAGNETISM.

Experiment on the action of the poles on each other.

THE dipping-needle ſerves to ſhew the action of the two different poles on each other; for on preſenting the north pole of a magnet to the ſouth pole of the needle, it is attracted; but if we preſent the ſame pole of the magnet to the north pole of the needle, it is then repelled, and flies from the magnet. Strew ſteel filings on a pane of glaſs, and put the north pole of a magnet under it, they will then riſe on the paper; but on holding the north pole of another magnet directly over theſe filings, they will immediately fall. Dip the north pole of one magnet and the ſouth pole of another in ſteel filings, and bring the ends of the bars toward each other; then the filings will unite. But dip the two north poles and bring them in contact, and the filings will recede from each other.

Two magnets placed in a ſtraight line at a ſmall diſtance from each other, the ſouth pole of one oppoſed to the north pole of the other, with a pane of glaſs over them; on ſprinkling ſteel filings, and tapping the glaſs to produce a little motion in the filings, they will arrange themſelves in the direction of the magnetic fluid; thoſe lying between the two poles, and near the axis, being diſpoſed in ſtraight lines, going from the north pole of one magnet to the ſouth pole of the other. Reverſe the order of the magnets, by placing the two poles of the ſame name oppoſite, and the filings will be arranged in curves receding from each other.

Of the Declination of the Needle.

The north pole of the magnet, in every part of the world, points nearly north; yet it very ſeldom ſhews that direction exactly. Hence the magnetic meridian ſeldom coincides with the obſerved meridian of any place on our globe, but generally varies to the eaſt or weſt. This variation is not uniform at different places, nor does it always agree even at the ſame place; at London, for inſtance, in the year 1640 it was 11 o eaſt, but now it is 23 degrees weſt. This variation is always reckoned from the north, either the eaſt or weſt. The directive power of magnetiſm, though generally exhibited by a touched needle, is alſo evident in ſmall bars of ſteel or iron freely ſuſpended; as may be ſeen by ſmall pieces of either floating on the ſurface of the water; but to exhibit this property, they muſt remain ſome hours, when they will point nearly, if not exactly, north and ſouth.

The directive property of the magnet, according to Dr. Halley's hypotheſis, is ſuppoſed to ariſe from the current of the magnetic fluid iſſuing from a central magnetic globe, which paſſing through the earth and its atmoſphere, cauſes light bodies to move with it.

To account for the direction of the magnet being variable, and this variation not regular at the ſame place, nor in an uniform degree at the ſame time at different places, various hypotheſis have been formed, and ſome truly curious and intereſting experiments have been made to illuſtrate them, of which the following appears the moſt ingenious and ſatisfactory:

Meſſrs. de la Hire, ſenior and junior, formed a globe out of a very large magnet, and by ſuſpending it, found its poles; they next traced out its equatorial and meridonal circles. The globe was about a foot in diameter, and weighed one hundred pounds. Placing it due north and ſouth, and in a poſition that anſwered for the latitude of the place of obſervation, they perceived its declenſion eaſt and weſt, in regard to ſituations of places on it. From theſe remarks they inferred that the magnetic fluid is diffuſed through the whole earth, and obeys the univerſal laws of magnetiſm; yet they do not explain the cauſes of the different variations of it at the ſame place. The regular declination obſerved on the magnetic globe was owing to the equality of contexture in its parts, and the varying magnetic force at different places on its ſurface. But as the contexture of the earth is very irregular, perhaps that circumſtance, united with the numerous proceſſes carrying on within it, is the cauſe of the variation. Perceiving that the regular variation on the magnetic globe aroſe from its uniform contexture, we may infer that the inconſtancy of the variation of the needle on the globe of our earth ariſes from the inequality of its parts. No perfectly ſatisfactory hypotheſis having yet been formed reſpecting the variation of the needle, that can be authenticated by facts, it is

impoſſible to tell what this irregularity will be at a future time at any particular place, or other circumſtances depending on that knowledge, though derived from the experience of a long continued ſeries of obſervations.

The ingenious Mr. Ganton diſcovered a new variation of the magnetic needle, which he communicated to the Royal Society. Obſerving the direction of a touched needle for a whole day, he perceived that it never was perfectly at reſt; that its weſtern declination from the pole was greateſt in the morning, and leaſt at night; about noon in a medium of its diurnal variation. He offers the following rational ſolution of theſe phenomena, founded on the known fact, that a maguet when heated loſes ſomething of its natural force. He ſuppoſes the direction of the needle to be occaſioned by the attraction of the magnetic fluid, and that the attraction is ſtrongeſt where the heat is weakeſt; therefore that the needle at ſun-riſe with us is not ſo forcibly impelled towards the eaſt; becauſe the magnetic force is leſſened by the ſun's influence; conſequently the needle points rather more weſterly at that time. When the ſun is on our meridian, the variation is not changed, the action of the ſun on each ſide of us being then equal; towards evening the needle points more eaſterly, becauſe it naturally points to the part within its range tho leaſt heated by the ſun.

EXPERIMENT.

This effect may be underſtood by heating a magnet, and placing it on one ſide of a needle, and another magnet in its natural ſtate on the the other ſide, when the needle will decline from the heated one. Mr. Canton perceived, from repeated experiments, that the diurnal variation of the needle was about 20 minutes of a degree, from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet.

Of the dip of the Magnetic Needle.

The needle has a dip, or inclination; the cauſe of which, like every other peculiar characteriſtic of this curious phenomena, is unknown. It may be ſeen, by placing an untouched needle on a pivot, and preſenting a magnet to it, when it will incline to a point below our horizon. To counteract this effect, the mechaniſt who conſtructs compaſſes, files off part of the inclining end, and by that means balances the needle on the pivot, The inclination of the needle is as variable as its declination. It alſo varies at different parts of the earth at the ſame time. The idea of the inclination having reference to latitude only is a miſtake, it being as irregular in that reſpect as the declination; for at Paris in 1800 it was 72 degrees 25' north, and at Siena 28 deg. ſouth. No doubt theſe variations depend on the ſame cauſes as thoſe of the direction of the needle.

Theory of Magnetiſm.

The whole that can be inferred of the nature of the phenomena of the magnet, is briefly this:—that it attracts bodies in the earth; and that it has a directive power which is variable, ariſing perhaps from the unequal diffuſion of the magnetic power in the earth and atmoſphere, depending on the different conſtitutional circumſtances of each of them, together with tht effects of heat and cold on that power. Its attraction is evident on bodies on the earth; and we know that the earth contains bodies of this attractive nature, for from the earth they are procured; and we muſt ſuppoſe its direction depends on the inequality of attraction in the earth: the variation in that direction may alſo depend on the parts which contain the attractive power being more or leſs heated: theſe natural and hidden cauſes being incalculable by us, we never muſt expect to arrive at a perfect knowledge or eſtimation of them.

The magnetic fluid may be either formed of two kinds of elements united by affinity; theſe elements having a greater tendency to each other than to themſelves: or the phenomena perceived of attraction and repulſion, in the former caſe, may be produced by the endeavour of the diſturbed effluvia to place itſelf in equilibrium, and in the latter form its natural repulſion to itſelf. The directive power of the needle, and the mode of conſtructing compaſſes, are ſo well known, that it would be ſuperfluous to introduce them here.

The unexpected viſit of a beloved friend to a man in affliction, is a comfort which can ſcarcely be equalled; not barely from the hopes of relief, but as the evidence of a ſincere friendſhip.

ON MUTUAL CONDESCENTION.

In the crowded ſtreets of a great city, where multitudes of people are paſſing in oppoſite directions, whilſt ſome are croſſing the ſtreets obliquely, and ſome at right angles, it is neceſſary for every one to give way a little to thoſe he meets; and thus they all have a free paſſage. If the whole multitude ſhould preſs on directly onward, without any one's yielding an inch of ground to another, all would be obſtructed more or leſs, and a general confuſion muſt enſue—Or if a churliſh individual ſhould take it in his head to march forward in a ſtraight line, and never make way for man, woman, or child, or even for a proceſſion, he would be ſure to jottle againſt ſomebody, every few ſteps; and would receive many an inſult, and perhaps, ſome hard blows, for his obſtinacy and impudence.

And ſo it is, my fellow-travellers, in our journey through life, and in reſpect to our general intercourſe with mankind. "In the march of life no one's path lies ſo clear as not in ſome degree to croſs another's: and if each is determined, with unyielding ſturdineſs, to keep his own line, it is impoſſible but he muſt both give and receive many a rude ſhock." In ſociety, in neighbourhoods, and even among cloſe friends, there will ſpring up rivalries, there will be ſometimes a claſhing of opinion and of intereſt, and if every one were muliſhly obſtinate there would be no end nor bounds to contention; whereas by the exerciſe of mutual condeſcention, ſocial harmony is preſerved, and the pleaſures of ſociety are enjoyed.

The exerciſe of condeſcention is ranked amongſt the precepts of the goſpel, and is enjoined as a duty upon chriſtians, who are told from divine authority, to "be patient towards all men," to "be courteous."—Hence it follows, that the ever obſtinate man who will not yield an ace in matters of intereſt or opinion, but runs foul of every one that chances croſs his path, does really tranſgreſs the rules of the goſpel, as well as thoſe of decorum.

Here let me not be miſunderſtood.—Condeſcenſion has its bounds, and thoſe bounds are ſtrongly marked. One ſhould never yield opinions, much leſs principles, that are of great and ſerious importance. —One ſhould never ſacrifice conſcience to pleaſe friends, or for fear of foes. One ſhould never "follow a multitude to do evil." One ſhould never ſuffer himſelf to be conformed to the world in vicious practices and cuſtoms, or in faſhions which, although innocent in themſelves, are two expenſive for him to follow. One ſhould never yield any thing to importunity, which ſelf juſtice forbids him to yield at all. In theſe points the perſon who would go through the journey of life *well*, muſt be firm and inflexible. But in matters of indifference, or of no ſerious conſequence, whether reſpecting opinion or intereſt, a yielding accommodating ſpirit is not only deſirable, but is a moral and chriſtian duty. And even in points which are not to be yielded, one ſhould maintain firmneſs in ſuch a manner, if poſſible, as to make it evident that he acts from principle rather than from obſtinacy.

The tombs of the antient Roman families of the Manlii, were lately diſcovered at the villa of the count Moroni, near Rome. They were found to contain two ſtatues, five buſts, and an urn, all in tolerable preſervation, and diſtinguiſhed by the name of Manlius. Two ſkeletons, dug up at foot of theſe ſtatues, ſtill had rings upon their fingers; and close to the ſkeleton of a female, named Agathonia, were found the ſhell of an egg, an oil-bottle, a broken mirror, and a lamp.—Baron Haſſelin, Miniſter from the King of Bavaria to the Holy See, has purchaſed theſe valuable relics, which are at leaſt 2000 years old.

COURTSHIP.

The New-Hollanders obſerve no particular ceremony in their marriages, though there mode of courtſhip is not without its ſingularity. When a young man ſees a female to his fancy, he informs her ſhe muſt accompany him home; if the lady refuſes, he not only forces compliance with threats *but blows*: thus the gallant, according to the cuſtom, never fails to gain the victory, and bears off the willing, though ſtruggling pugiliſt.—The coloniſts for ſome time entertained the idea that the women were compelled and forced away againſt their conſent; but the young ladies informed them, that this mode of gallantry was the cuſtom, and *perfectly to their taſte*.

Humorous.

ANECDOTES.

The captain of a veſſel lying in a river, wiſhing to give his crew a treat on a rejoicing day, left two of the ſons of St. Patrick to take care of the ſhip, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog; but cautioned them againſt firing a gun, except there was reaſon to apprehend ſome great danger. This they faithfully promiſed: but, after enjoying a hearty dinner, their heads became heated with the fumes of their liquor, and one of them propoſed to have a ſhot to themſelves; which the other objected to, as it would make ſuch a devil of a noiſe. This occaſioned a ſhort pauſe; but, fertile in invention, the moſt ſagacious ſaid he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, uſed for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and ſeated himſelf acroſs it, and held the pot by the ears to prevent its flying off. Being aſked by his meſmate if he was ready, he anſwered in the affirmative, but requeſted him to ſhoot eaſy. The report was heard by the captain and crew, who haſtened on board, and enquired the reaſon of the alarm. "Murphy and I, (anſwered Pat) had a mind to have a bit of a ſhoot to ourſelves."—"Where is Murphy?" ſaid the captain. "Where is Murphy?" replied the Iriſhman, ſmiling, and ſcratching his head, "didn't you meet him now? faith he's gone aſhore on the iron pot."

In a mixed company, a gentleman thought proper to make ſome remarks to the lady next to him (who happened to be drinking toaſt and water) as to induce the affronted damſel to take out the toaſt and throw it in his face. He very coolly took it up and threw it in the face of the perſon on the other ſide of him, deſiring that Miſs ——s, *toaſt might go round.*

A gentleman ſeeing the town cryer of Briſtol, one market day, ſtanding unemployed, aſked him the reaſon. "Oh," replied he, "I can't *cry* to day, my wife is dead!"

A Sailor went into a barber's ſhop to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of proper intimacy with the hone and ſtrap, was rather dull. The ſailor took his ſeat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every ſcrape, (which gave the ſailor extreme pain) he would cry, 'Do I ſhave eaſy, ſir, do I ſhave eaſy, ſir? The ſailor bore the ſcratching with a good deal of patience for ſome time; however, the barber taking him by the noſe, and, after ſeveral ſevere ſcrapes, which made Jack think ſkin and all was gone by the board, continuing to repeat the queſtion, 'do I ſhave eaſy, ſir?' Jack gravely replied, 'Honeſt friend, to anſwer your queſtion, you muſt firſt inform me what you are about; if you call it ſkinning, it is tolerable eaſy—but if you call it ſhaving, it's d--d hard.'

"Silence! keep ſilence in the court!" ſaid, one day, an angry judge, "why will you not keep ſilence? Here we have judged a dozen cauſes this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them.

SPANISH COURT ETIQUETTE.

Philip the IIId, being gravely ſeated, as the Spaniards generally are, by the ſide of a fire, found himſelf greatly inconvenienced by the exceſſive heat; but conceiving it derogatory to his dignity, to remedy the evil by moving further from it, waited until the marquis De Potal appeared, whom he then ordered to quench the fire. The marquis all ſubmiſſion, begged to be excuſed, alledging, that as the office of fire-maker, to his mageſty, belonged to the duke D'Uſſeda, it was not etiquette for him to touch it. The duke, unfortunately, had left the court, and the fire burnt with increaſed ardour; none of the domeſtics dare preſume to enter the royal preſence; and the weak monarch in waiting for the arrival of the proper perſon, had his blood ſo completely heated, that on the following day, an eyſipelas broke out in his head, which, being attended by a violent fever, abſolutely was the occaſion of his death.

THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

A ROMANCE IN THE MODERN STYLE.

'*Ex uno diſce omnes,*'

CHILL blew the wind through the hollow vaults of the ſepulchre of St. Innes abbey, and at every ſtep the bones of the dead cracked beneath their footſteps. The affrighted Seraphina would fain have retreated, but a frown from the buſhy eyebrows of father Jeronymo, as he trimmed the nearly exhauſted lamp, awed her into obedience. 'Behold,' ſaid the friar, pointing to a range of coffins on the right, 'in theſe portmanteaus, the bones of your anceſtors, having performed their allotted pilgrimage, are packed. Unhappy maiden! driven by the incantations of Aſhteroth to aſk of the dead that information which the living deny thee.' As he pronounced theſe words, father Jeronymo drew from his boſom a ſmall phial of phoſphorus, to which he applied a match tipped with brimſtone, and in an inſtant the vault was illuminated with a pale blue light. Then muttering ſome cabaliſtical words to himſelf, and touching the coffin next to him with his crucifix, 'Sir Hildebrand,' cried he aloud, 'I command thee, in the name of Saint Urſula and her ſeven imps, to inform thy deſcendant Seraphina, whether ſhe is deſtined to be the bride of ſir Iſidore of Croatia.' The coffin lid heaved with a convulſive motion, and the words *abera quinbus*, were heard from within; but no other ſounds were uttered. The monk ſhook his head and proceeded to the next: 'Bridget,' cried he, with a ſolemn voice, after repeating the ſame ceremonies; 'Bridget, great aunt by the mother's ſide of him who ſleeps a perturbered ſpirit on thy right hand, I conjure thee, in the name of the ſpotleſs ſaint Urſula, to inform thy great great grand neice Seraphina, whether ſhe is deſtined to become the bride of ſir Iſidore of Croatia.' The coffin lid heaved, and a loud ſcolding noiſe was heard from within. Seraphina ſhuddered; and caſting her eyes upwards, was appalled by the ſight of two apes, ſitting on a beam: 'Be not alarmed, fair maiden,' cried one of the apes, 'we are harmleſs animals, ſed about in hell by your great great aunt.' Theſe words were ſcarcely utterred, when both of theſe prototypes of outward man leaped from the beam, and advancing to the coffin of the deceaſed Bridget, forcibly tore off the lid. Inſtantly the vault was ſhaken with thunder, and the body of the immaculate Bridget ſat upright in its coffin, freſh as when alive, except that the head was now a ſkeleton. A thick miſt of a Trafalgar color ſpread itſelf around the vault, and from the tomb of Bridget theſe words were uttered: 'Never ſhall Seraphina become the bride of ſir Iſidore of Crotia, till the organ in the cathedral of ſaint Ines ſhall ceaſe its nocturnal melody.' The two apes then leaped into the coffin, which ſunk down to the Antipodes: Seraphina and the monk were carried through the air by an inviſible power, and ſoon found themſelves in the cathedral, at the feet of the ſtatue of ſaint Urſula.

The devoted nymph ſtood for a while in mute deſpair; then claſping her lilly hands together, and turning up her hazle eyes to heaven —'Wretch that I am!' ſaid ſhe, 'then I too muſt lead apes in the dominions of Pluto; nor marry till the organ in the cathedral of St. Ines ſhall ceaſe its nocturnal melody! that will never be. Too well knows my ſpiteful aunt, that the demon Dubbo each night takes his accurſed ſeat in the organ loft, entrancing the inhabitants of Sponderlitz with more than mortal melody. O Iſidore; Iſidore! why was I born?' The unhappy damſel here wept aloud, until the compaſſionate beard of father Jeronymo was moiſtened with her tears.

Who can unnix the fixed decrees of fate? Can the feeble arm of a man roll back the waters of Niagara, ſhake the Appenines, uproot the ſolid Alps? Can the cup of horn which moiſtens the lips of the faithful at the ſhrine of Loretto, contain at once all the waters of the Atlantic deep?—I ſhould think not! * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Night now aroſe, and in an elegant poſture threw her black velvet mantle, ſpangled with ſtars, acroſs the firmament, when the deſpairing Sir Iſidore proſtrated himſelf before the ſtatue of ſaint Urſula. His cold ſteel ardour grew colder with deſpair, and the oſtrich feathers in his helmet drooped deſpondingly, like the weeping willow which overhangeth the waters of the Danube. Suddenly the one hundred and twenty-ſeven tapers of the cathedral were illuminated, the beautiful ſtatue deſcended from its pedeſtal, and walked a minnet with the aſtoniſhed warrior; the tune of 'Non nobis Domine' humming from her

marble lips: he retired to bed, and in dreams was assured by an indubitable prognostic of his future happiness. In the morning he saluted the good Sir Hubert and his lovely daughter with a smiling countenance: 'Egad,' cried the knight, as he conveyed a spoonful of hasty pudding to his mouth, 'I should not wonder if all turned out well yet: I say nothing; but mark what I do say—this night the accursed fiend Dubbo shall be destroyed, and Serapina shall be my bride.' Imagine the delight of the worthy palatine and his daughter at receiving this intelligence; it could only be equalled by their anxiety to see the prediction verified. *

Night now arose again, but in a different costume: she had discarded her black velvet mantle, and assumed a sort of grey pelisse with a moon depicted on the shoulder. The abbey bell tolled *one*, and the demon Dubbo took his appointed seat in the organ loft. Sir Isidore buckled on his steel armour inlaid with gold; and the gentle Seraphina, as she rivetted his knee-pan with a sledge hammer, put up vows to all the tutelar saints for his safety and deliverance. The fiend played on the instrument, and the knight sang the following song in unison:

'Demon Dubbo, Demon Dubbo,
Though thou art the devil's cub, o!
Soon this fist thy back shall drub, o!'

The venerable Sir Hubert and his daughter did not long remain in suspence. Groans saluted their ears; they were the groans of disappointed malice. The demon essayed the keys of the instrument, and no sound was returned. Again his massy and herculean finger rested on B flat; the organ was mute. 'Death and distraction!' cried the fiend, gnashing his teeth and biting the tip of his tail with rage, 'I am undone!' Maddening with fury, he struck his foot against the floor; the timber gave way to the unequal force, and the clatter of a more than mortal hoof was heard on the pavement beneath. Instantly his form was dilated to an incredible size; his head burst through the roof of the chapel, and was lost in the clouds, his sable right hand eclipsing the moon. The earth rocked, the waves of the sea rose in tremendous billows, the air was rent with thunder, and the demon was burnt in the flames of Mount Vesuvius.

Sir Isidore, breathless with haste, his sword red with blood, rushed into the court-yard, and folded his beloved Seraphina in his victorious arms. 'Brave knight!' cried the palatine, 'my daughter is your's. But tell me, I conjure you, how did you contrive to vanquish the demon Dubbo, and still his nightly serenade? Didst thou slay him?' 'No,' answered the brave Sir Isidore; 'I stole behind the organ; and slew—the *organ blower!!!*'

MARRIAGES.

By thee the gross grown heart refined,
With philanthropic ardour glows;
Mind strung in union to mind,
Through union more etherial grows.

MARRIED—, On Thursday the 7th Inst. by the Rev'd John D. Blair, William Archer, Esq. a member of the general assembly, from Powhatan county, to the youthful and lovely Miss Mary Anne Clarke, eldest daughter of Maj. John Clarke, near this city.

——, Mr. Henry Minor, Attorney at Law, of Clarkesville, Ten to the accomplished Miss Frances Barbour, of Petersburg.

——In Jay, Maine, Mr. Solomon Goodale to Mrs. Elizabeth Cole, each 72 years of age.

In Germany, Mr. Edmund Talleyrand Perigord, nephew of the Prince of Benevento, to her Serene Highness the Princess Dorothea of Courland,

DEATHS.

True courage, beauty, sentiment, and wit,
Bloom in an hour, and bloom but to decay:
Life quits its suppliants as the airy sprite
Before the morning gale fleets fast away.

DIED—, At West Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Simon Belden, aged 64. He was an active officer in the Quarter-Master's department during the revolutionary war.

——On the 8th inst at Danvers Massachusetts, of old age, Widow Elizabeth Endicott, aged 91. She enjoyed perfect health through life. She has a brother living in Danvers, 100 years old, enjoying fine health; she has left a numerous posterity.

——On the 1st inst at Ward, Massachusetts, the widow Ruth Bancfort, aged 94. Her descendants by her first husband Ezekiel Stone are 310, and 270 of them are now living, ten of them are of the fifth generation. She was likewise Step-Mother to almost as many more.

——In the state of Ohio, John Stewart, Esq. of York, (Penn.) late a member of the United States, House of Representatvies.

At Chambersburg, after a short illness, Doctor John Hay, formerly pastor of the Independent Tabernacle in Philadelphia,

——A female pauper died lately in the Workhouse, at Liverpool England, at the advanced age of 124 years. She retained all her faculties to the last, except her sight, which, two months previous to her dissolution, had been much impaired.

The Third vol. of the Domestic Encylcopedia

Has been missing for some time from my book-case. The person who borrowed, or took it away, is respectfully informed that returning it, as soon as possible, will confer a favor on

Alex: Quarrier.

Sept. 22, 1805. tf.

A LOVE-LETTER

Was dropped in the street the other day, from a young lady's ridicule. The finder whoever it may be, is earnestly entreated, not to expose it, but to commit it to the flames, or to the care of Messrs Lynch & Southgate, who are authorised to make any reasonable reward, on its delivery.

AN APPRENTICE

Will be taken at this Office; one between the ages of 13 and 16, possessing at least a good English education, and an unexceptionable character.

Clerks' Sheriffs' & Constables' Bonds,

Required under the Execution Law, passed at the last Session of Assembly—Also, CERTIFICATES for the payment of cost & charges.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

How oft the wiſh, we've felt in vain,
Forgotten once obtrudes again,
With ſtill increaſing pow'r;
And by dark Diſappointment driv'n,
Our former pangs how oft forgiv'n,
If Hope illume the hour.

The flatt'rer Hope! ſhe ſtill deceives,
But oft the tortur'd mind relieves,
But ſhe alas! no more
Her myſtic charms for me ſhall breathe,
Nor cull the light fantaſtic wreath,
From Fancy's various ſtore.

The glitt'ring phantom once had ſhed,
Her fairy viſions round my head,
And fond, I thought them true;
But when I aimed to graſp the prize,
Which tempting ſtood before my eyes,
It faded from my view.

Yet fooliſh! why ſhould I complain,
Since all complaining is in vain,
Why mourn, or weep, or ſigh;
I know a balm for every care,
For ſorrow pale and wild deſpair,
'Tis ſimply, but to die.

B. Cabell B.

ANACREONTIC.

From day to day I ſtill am told,
"'Tis time to haſte and treaſure gold;
"For waining age will quickly come,
"And Age's wants are ſeldom dumb:
"But then you'll find the ſhining ſtore
"Shall all the joys of life reſtore."
O fools to think that roſy health,
Depends upon the ſum of Wealth;
Or that its maſter e'er ſhould breathe,
Exempt from danger, miſ'ry or death!
O fools! to think to purchaſe Love,
And the ſtrong limbs that manhood move,
When time has dy'd theſe treſſes grey,
And furrow'd wrinkles marked his way!
Say who ſhall bribe the bright-hair'd king
Not o'er the tract of day to ſpring?
Or win the viewleſs gliding hours,
To leave for gold the terrene bow'rs?
Then I, who'd rather ſmile than weep,
In pleaſure's arms alone will ſleep. B.

TO LAURA.

Say can that breaſt with ev'ry virtue fraught,
To me alone inexorable prove,
And muſt I then, by ſad experience taught,
Know you can pity ev'ry ill but Love.

Oh wou'd ſome power, Laura, but reveal,
How much I ſuffer, when away from you;
Some mercy, ſure that gentle heart would feel,
For love, at once, ſo hopeleſs, yet ſo true.

When all around me taſte that ſweet repoſe,
Which buſy thought, forbids me to enjoy,
For, if I chance thoſe wearied eyes to cloſe,
Tormenting viſions, then my peace deſtroy.

In thoſe illuſive ſcenes by fancy formed,
I ſee you Laura, as a bride adorn'd,
To ſome delighted youth your hand reſign,
And utter vows which made my love a crime.

I now for ever, bid adieu to peace,
Nor can fallacious hope again deceive;
Soon in the grave will all my ſorrows ceaſe
And Death this heart; from all its woes relieve.

Amidſt thoſe manſions; ſacred to the dead,
Shou'd the fair Laura, ever chance to ſtray,
One tear of pity ſure ſhe'll deign to ſhed,
O'er the cold turf, that wraps my breathleſs clay. A.

CHARLOTTE AT THE TOMB OF WERTER.

With ſorrow of heart I draw near.
The tomb where my Werter's at reſt,
Soft pity oh, give me a tear
I will lighten the woes of my breaſt.

Sleep on thou dear ſhade reſt in peace,
Undiſturbed by the woes of my breaſt,
For ſure the ſoft ſlumber would ceaſe
If with grief you knew me oppreſt.

The meadow, the valley, the field,
Receſſes that once gave delight,
Alas now how changed! for they yield
Nothing gayful or joyous to ſight.

On the terrace I often remain,
And the loſs of my Werter deplore,
While by the pale moon I complain,
Her beams, his loved image reſtore.

It was here the fond hope was inſpired,
That with gladneſs enlivens my heart
That when this dull life is expired
We ſhall meet again never to part.

Yes, Werter, thy preſage was juſt;
To cheriſh the hope be my care,
For ſhould it forſake me, how muſt
I combat with grief and deſpair. A.

CANZONET.

BY CAMOENS.

When day has ſmiled a ſoft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each ſhutting bell,
And ſhadows ſail along the green,
And birds are ſtill, and winds ſerene,
I wander ſilently.

And while my lone ſtep prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bleſs my view,
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have ſprung my ſweeteſt tears,
So oft, ſo tenderly:

I ſee her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of ſunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart---and thence be ſtill
Re-echo'd faithfully:

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm ſpirit of her ſigh,
See young Love beating in her breaſt,
And wiſh to mine it's pulſes preſt,
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how ſwift the minutes flew,
When laſt amongſt the dropping dew,
I wander'd ſilently.